THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 2, 1808.

Biographical Notice of the Marquis de Pombal, formerly Secretary of State, and Prime Minister of Portugal.

THE celebrated Don Sebastian Joseph Carvallo Mello, so well known by the title of marquis de Pombal, was born in 1699, of a noble Portuguese family, of the second rank. Eminently gifted with advantages of person, he married, in the early part of his life, a Portuguese lady, of birth superior to his own; and this ill-sorted union embittered his days. He, however, attempted, by means of his new connections, to make his way at court; but all his endeavours proved at that time fruitless. Disappointed in his ambitious hopes, he shut himself up in his country residence; and to avoid as much as possible the intolerable company of his lady, he gave himself up entirely to study. The laws of his country, and the laws of nations, as publicly avowed in Europe, were the principal objects of his researches; and from that kind of study, he contracted a diffuse and pedantic manner of writing, which was afterwards conspicuous in all his productions.

After several years of political seclusion, Carvallo saw at last the long wished for prospect opening to his view; he had been a widower for some time, when, in 1745, he was sent to Vienna, on a secret mission. He was then forty-six years of age, but neither his time of life, nor his diplomatic occupations, prevented him from paying his addresses to a young countess of the Daun family, whom he married shortly afterwards. This marriage was the principal cause of his fortune. The court of Vienna, where his lady's family was highly considered, interested itself powerfully in favour of Carvallo, and at the death of John V. king of Portugal, in 1750, King Joseph, his successor, appointed him secretary for foreign affairs. In

this situation he remained five years, without any marked pre-eminence over his colleagues; but a calamitous circumstance soon gave him an opportunity of displaying the superior powers of his mind. Every one knows, that in 1755, Lisbon was visited by an earthquake, which laid the whole city in ruins; in that awful situation, the king, his ministers, and his courtiers, unmanned by terror, were incapable of any resolution, and vented their fears in womanish superstitions. Mean time, fires had broken out in many places among the ruins; and numerous banditti were ransacking the desolated city, as their lawful prey. Carvallo alone, undismayed in the general consternation, gathered some soldiers, and at their head perambulated the ruins. He stopped the progress of the flames, punished the banditti on the spot, and, with the utmost presence of mind, and the greatest activity, established regulations which saved the remnants of Lisbon. The king recovered at last from his panic, and appreciating the courage of Pombal, from the extent of his own fears, considered him as a being of a superior order; and this minister's ascendancy over his weak mind was thus established for ever.

Pombal abused this ascendancy but too much. He kept his master in a state of almost degrading subserviency; while he was himself surrounded with all the outward pomp and trappings of absolute power, to dazzle the eyes of the gaping multitude. He obtained a body of horse-guards, under pretence of his personal protection. Wherever he went, his coach was preceded by eight or ten horsemen, with drawn sabres, making way for him; and a smaller number followed it. But, the object he had most at heart, was that of humiliating the high Portuguese nobility. There was an absolutely exclusive distinction established in Portugal, between seven or eight families of that class, and the rest of the nobility. They boasted of being free from all blots; such as intermarriages with Moors, Jews, and negroes, judgments of the inquisition, &c. To preserve this purity spotless, they intermarried among each other only; M. Pombal attempted to annihilate this distinction, so humiliating to the rest of the nobility. It was a customary thing for him to make use of the king's authority, to farther his own designs; and he had recourse to it in this undertaking. He forbade in the name of his majesty such and such marriages, which he knew were in contemplation, between members of these exclusive families; he thus forced them to stoop to the second class for connections, which answered the double purpose of lowering their pride, and of elevating that class to which he himself belonged.

Before Pombal's administration, the Portuguese noblemen made it a constant practice to set at defiance even the most sacred laws; but he soon curbed their licentious spirits, by the

most inflexible restrictions; they murmured, but they trembled, and obeyed—even the continuation of their titles depended on the king's will, and consequently on the minister's whim; by the custom of Portugal, the son of a deceased nobleman cannot assume his father's title, 'till it is confirmed to him by the king; this confirmation Pombal often withheld for eight or ten years; by such means he reduced them to the blindest submission, though accompanied with the most inveterate hatred. It was, especially, on his birth-day, that he received from them those unanimous testimonies of seeming obsequiousness, which he well knew how to appreciate; this was a day of triumph for his pride, and for his malignity. He then beheld collected in his palace, the most illustrious, and the proudest grandees of Portugal. In that crowd of suitors, he took a secret pleasure in remarking such a one, whose father he had brought to the block; such another, whose brother lay at that very moment in a dungeon, by his orders, &c.

This unlimited power extended even over the ministers, who seemed to share with him, in a certain degree, the king's confidence. The marquis of Pombal was nominally minister of the interior only; but, in fact, he presided likewise over all the other departments. His colleagues, decorated with empty titles, did nothing but through him, as they sometimes were forced to own. M. Pombal often kept them in ignorance of the business of their own offices; every thing went through his hands, and he entered into the minutest details. A note was once brought to him for signature, containing only a permit for a traveller to take post-horses; he found fault with the style, and dictated another. He was indefatigable in the labours of his office; busy from the dawn of day; he never had fixed hours for his meals; he usually dined very late, and ate most voraciously, for which he was visited by frequent indigestions. After dinner he used to take a ride in a coach, with a monk, a relation of his, who was said to be a man of uncommon stupidity. This man was his sole company; and that ride was his only recreation.

He soon afterwards returned to his closet, where he remained occupied 'till late at night. He had two secretaries to write under him; they were mere machines, without any understanding, without eyes; he had trained them himself, and they were constantly at his disposal. One of them was a German, whom he had brought from Vienna: he made him at first his footman, then his porter, and lastly, his secretary. These two poor scribes were often so overloaded with business, that both were ill at the same time.

Notwithstanding his excesses in living, and his laborious life, the marquis de Pombal enjoyed a state of health, so robust, that he indulged the strong hope of a long career. At

the age of seventy-seven, shortly before his disgrace, he used to talk about finishing the rebuilding of Lisbon, and even of building a palace for the king, as if he had been in the vigour of youth. Excessively attached to life and to honours, he was no less addicted to the love of money; he even committed the most shocking vexations, to gratify his rapacity. He often confiscated the property of those whom he sacrificed to his ambition or to his resentment. Born to a small fortune, he had accumulated about 15,000l. a year, an immense revenue for Portugal! He had built on his estate of Oeyras the finest mansion in the country; but that magnificent residence displayed no taste, because he was himself deficient in that respect; and he had only employed Portuguese artists. For the same reasons, Lisbon, which he has raised from its ruins, is far from gratifying the eyes of connoisseurs. Monstrous defects are strikingly obvious in the finest quarters of the town; and above all, in that famous square Prazo del Comercao, where he has placed a monument to the late king.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Considerations on the projected Invasion of India, by the French, Russians, and Persians.

(Concluded from Page 331.)

THE French will find the Mahrattas very difficult to be moved in force: but if their intrigues could accomplish this, it would throw great weight into their scale. An extensive insurrection in any other part of India would materially assist their proceedings. The political disposition of British power, therefore, should be, to keep the Mahrattas quiet, as they are at present; to secure the Seiks, and by their means, to advance a corps of observation to Attock: were it possible to push forward a body to Cabul to dispute the mountains between Cabul and Balk, the enemy would have seven or eight hundred miles of fighting, among most rugged mountains, rapid rivers, and dangerous vallies, before they arrived at the grand stationary armies of the British; which would not fail to oppose them effectually, either at Lahore or Moultan. The French, no doubt, bring artillery with them; for if not, how should they oppose the British artillery? And if they do, the delay this draught will occasion, will prove very serious. In fact, their greatest enemy of all, is time, and the seasons, which he governs with absolute sway. If they attempt to accomplish this undertaking in one season, they will be so straitened for time, that, the mere stoppage of their advance for a month, by whatever

whatever impediments, will confound their attempt. We have seen that the conquerors of India resided in countries adjacent; they could assemble all their preparations in a complete state, before they actually made any demonstrations. They could command supplies, and enforce their requisitions on the countries around those through which they passed. These advantages will not be enjoyed by the French; they must pay, in some shape or other, for what they consume; a scanty supply would be fatal to them; and pretences to justify a scanty supply would never be wanting—not for one moment in the whole passage. They must pay for the cattle necessary for their draught: and these will be liable to an irremediable mortality. They will be subject to pillage, from those whom they cannot avoid entrusting with their stores; and the opportunities for pillage and disaster combined will be innumerable, among the mountains especially. The Russian troops, the Cossacks, and Calmucks, with other hordes, are better adapted to this journey, and were there no rivers to cross, nor any regular force, increasing as they advanced, stationed behind those rivers, they might, unquestionably, penetrate into Hindoostan: but, to suppose that these irregulars, however apt for predatory warfare, could support the intense heats, and the perpetual rains of India, yet afterwards meet British troops in the pitched field, is ridiculous.

We know the French so well, that we incline to think they will let the first talk of this scheme subside before they appear to execute it: they will in the mean while be preparing the way, and removing obstacles; then, suddenly, when they suppose British vigilance to be lulled, they will attempt to accomplish the undertaking by the rapidity of their movements. We repeat, "Supposing British vigilance to be lulled"—Let this sentence be strongly retained in the memory. In fact, we have seen the French avow their plans a considerable time before they executed them: of which their late conduct towards Portugal is an instance. France disclosed her intention of invading Portugal in the summer of 1806, but did not fulfil this intention 'till the close of 1807. On the same principle, assuming that the French ambassador at the Persian court is charged with the commission for this purpose, and loaded with money, he may be occupied in retaining Persian adventurers, in causing the route to be strictly surveyed, in preparing passages, and constructing bridges, in sending emissaries (the greatest charge of all) among the native powers, and in smoothening the difficulties of this undertaking. In the mean while, Russia may collect stores at Astracan, and forward them by every conveyance to Astrabad, and from thence to Candahar, before the troops advance into Persia. Hereby, there may be formed a grand depot of military necessaries, and the troops will

will be relieved from their charge. This is fully enough for one season: and if neither the Persians nor the British should be tempted to seize this depot, then the rapid advance of the army in several divisions, Russian, and French, would become a subject of close reflection to our governors in India. We, therefore, give it as our decided opinion, that the northern entrance of India may be rendered a scene of conflict, of which India is the object. The banks of the Indus may become witnesses of Europeans from the north engaging Europeans from the south; both parties having quitted their native countries, distant some thousands of miles, to wage war in those inhospitable regions. The most extraordinary instance, surely! of the extent, the folly, and even the guilt of human ambition! What a spectacle to the continent of Asia, and to the whole globe! What a reproach on the madman of the west!

The advantages of a communication by sea, and of the reception of reinforcements, will always be on the side of the British; and we may hint that an expedition, if in force, from Bombay for Bassora, or the head of the Persian Gulf, would afford a very sufficient plea to the Persian emperor for keeping his troops at home, to defend their own country. In fact, there are points on this coast of which advantage might be taken to support some of his opponents; which would speedily convince the shah that sound policy dictated the utter refusal of permission to any strangers whatever to pass through his country, with views inimical to Britain. Perhaps, in the event of the invading army advancing into Persia, the detaching of a fleet, with land forces on board, to effect a landing as near as might be to Ispahan, would be no contemptible manœuvre in defending India.

At any rate, this would distract the attention of the shah, and tend to create a jealousy of his new inmates. In fact, he might be placed in a situation by no means enviable, if a British force could penetrate into the mountains of Cabul, and keep up a correspondence on the east with unsettled subjects, and his rivals; while another armament invading his western territories by sea, laid him under the necessity of keeping up a force to oppose them, at a part of his kingdom so distant from the former, that no communication could be maintained between his armies.

We have stated already that the conflict which would involve the fate of India, would probably take place to the north of Delhi: but, even if the enemy should obtain possession of that city, they would not have conquered India. In advancing southward they would find an increasing resistance; while their distance from supplies of an effective description, their European supplies—would increase, and the difficulties of repairing their losses would be augmented in proportion, at every advance.

Their

Their progress down the Ganges would be slow, in the face of a British army disputing the ground inch by inch, and whose losses might be made good by reinforcements, to a certainty.

We reason thus, on the supposition that the country powers continue peaceable and loyal. That the French will endeavour to render them discontented, and inimical, is to be expected. They may succeed in this: as report states that they have succeeded in alienating the shah of Persia. We believe that no adequate cause is known for this alienation; neither may any adequate cause be known for alteration of politics in the courts of India; but if events should prove the fact, the misfortune to Britain would be the same

We infer, the propriety of conciliating the country powers, by a steady course of justice, integrity, and good faith: and of putting the British themselves on their mettle; which two principles united, will to a certainty, effect the salvation of India.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 33.

MR. EDITOR,

AS a steady advocate for humanity, I am induced (and not *unseasonably* I hope) to say a few words on the subject of bird's-nests. Cruelty is an inherent vice, to which by nature we are all prone; and in our younger days, ere reason informs the mind, 'tis the duty of every parent to exert his authority in checking the progress of error; and of this error in particular. As we increase in size and vigour, the passions (if not previously controuled) become fierce and indomitable; and he, who, under proper tuition, might have been gentle, humane, and an ornament to society, struts forth into the world a highly finished savage.

The *cruelty* of destroying bird's-nests is too obvious to need a remark; but as many ignorant people look on it as a matter of *necessity*, I shall avail myself of an extract from a very sensible naturalist, well worthy their serious attention.

"Most of the smaller birds are supported, especially when young, by a profusion of caterpillars, small worms, and insects; on these they feed, and thus they contribute to preserve the vegetable world from destruction. This is contrary to commonly received opinion, that birds, particularly sparrows, do much mischief in destroying the labours of the gardener and the husbandman. It has been observed, that a single pair of sparrows, during the time they are feeding their young, will destroy about four thousand caterpillars weekly; they likewise feed

their

their young with butterflies, and other winged insects, each of which, if not destroyed in this manner, would be productive of several hundreds of caterpillars. Swallows are almost continually on the wing, and in their curious winding flights destroy immense quantities of flies, and other insects, which are continually floating in the air, and which, if not destroyed by these birds, would render it unfit for the purposes of life and health. That active little bird the tom-tit, which is generally supposed hostile to the young and tender buds that appear in the spring, when attentively observed, may be seen running up and down among the branches, and picking up the eggs of insects, or the small worms that are concealed in the blossoms, and which would effectually destroy the fruit. As the season advances, various other small birds, such as the redbreast, wren, winter fauvette, or hedge-sparrow, whitethroat, redstart, &c. are all engaged in the same useful work, and may be observed examining every leaf, and feeding upon the insects which they find beneath them. These are a few instances of that superintending providential care, which is continually exerted in preserving the various ranks and orders of beings in the scale of animated nature; and, although it is permitted that myriads of individuals should every moment be destroyed, not a single species is lost, but every link of the great chain remains unbroken."

These sensible observations entirely set aside the plea of necessity; and I sincerely hope they will stimulate parents to the discouragement of a vice, pernicious in its effects, and repugnant to every sentiment of humanity.

And now let me enter a solemn protest against *swallow-shooting!* Whatever arguments may be advanced in favour of killing such birds as are fit for the table, surely none can be adduced to palliate the wanton cruelty of killing such as are harmless when alive, and useless when dead. And it is not only the swallow individually that suffers, but 'tis frequently the case, that he leaves behind him a little helpless family, to suffer the lingering and horrible death of hunger! It is my serious opinion, that such foul deeds, however countenanced in *this* world, will not escape the sword of retributive justice in the *next!*

"Oh then, ye friends of love, and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes,—this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade."

THOMSON.

And shortly after these lines, how delightful is the description of the plundered nightingale!

" Oft when returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonished mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting *clowns*
Robb'd—to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and low drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; 'till wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound."

The idea of her dropping the *vain provision* is minutely and affectingly beautiful. And in the line preceding it, the poet seems to think that no one but a *clown* would be guilty of so unpardonable an act of cruelty. In the pleasing hope that the consideration of this subject may not be destitute of beneficial effects,

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your's, &c.

X.

MR. EDITOR,

I take the liberty of sending you a copy of verses, written during a nervous complaint, by

Your humble servant,

X.

1.

Sweet morn! sweet morn of May! ah, tell me why
Less bright thou seem'st than in my boyish days?
Why fades thy glory on my languid eye,
Since nature still each vernal charm displays?

2.

Where'er I gaze, creative love appears!
The hills, the vales, with melody resound!
Whence then, sweet morn of May! these stealthful tears!
Ah! whence this throbbing heart! that sigh profound!

3.

Is it that health its ardent strength withholds?
Has love prov'd faithless? friendship insincere?
Or dread I more the page which truth unfolds,
The chart, that shews how short our voyage here?

4.

Ah doom severe! in vain I seek relief!
Nor books—nor friends—the balmy power possess;
E'en sleep, that soothes the pangs of *common* grief,
Adds weight to mine—and multiplies distress.

5.

Around my couch terrific visions rise;
Fierce lightnings flash—tempestuous torrents roll—
'Till sleep (if *sleep* it *is*) affrighted flies,
And leaves a deadly horror on the soul.

6.

My native hill, of every charm possest,
That memory bids (like blooms perennial) live,
Creates no more that sunshine of the breast,
That peace—which health and rural quiet give.

7.

The wretch, unfriended by the visual ray,
Compassion claims! compassion due to *me!*
He never knew the splendid charms of day,
I—knowing—feel no greater joy than he.

8.

Short is the night that from the shepherd hides
The varying beauties of the infant year;
But the deep gloom that o'er *my* soul presides,
Rests, like a Lapland winter, long and drear.

9.

No longer, Heaven! my humble prayers refuse!
Nor let my days in hopeless sorrow run!
But whence those plaints?—Oh hush, rebellious muse!
God's will is just—and let his will be done!

AMERICAN EQUALITY.

[From Harriott's Struggles through Life.]

WHEN I got my black help, my white men refused to eat at the same table, or at the same time, if in the same room, with my black people, whether free or slaves. They even considered their own equality lessened, by not being permitted to eat at our table. This kind of pretence set up by European servants

servants is much more insupportable from them than the native American; with the latter it is natural, and he looks for it without assuming any new consequence; but the European, on whom this assumption is awkwardly grafted, knows not how to make this claim, or acquiesce in giving it up, without exhibiting an ignorant, haughty, ferocious kind of self-consequence, that is truly ridiculous as well as disagreeable. I tried, once or twice, what the effect of example would do. I was felling some large trees in a wood at some distance from the house, when, having prepared a large meat-pie sufficient for six of us to dine on, and taking two black men, two white men, with my son and myself, we went to work in the forenoon.

At twelve o'clock, sweeping the snow away from around one of the butts of the fallen trees, I called them all, saying, jocularly, "Come boys, as we all work together, let us all eat and drink together." Then, cutting the pie into six equal shares, I handed a piece to each of my whites, then to my blacks, lastly to my son and myself. But it was difficult to refrain from laughing at the contrast of the black and white countenances, while eating. The latter, surlily looking at each other, twisted their jaws about as if they had no appetite, while the former (after repeated excuses to wait until we had done, which I overruled) sat with their eyes fixed bashfully on the ground, scarcely opening their mouths wide enough to admit their victuals, yet with a secret kind of smile when they leered at each other. In the morning we had all worked cheerfully alike; but after this repast scarcely a word had escaped the lips of my white gentlemen, except short answers when I spoke to them; my black mates, on the contrary, were as much on the alert. When returned home, I understood they (the whites) had said, "Mr. —— might eat with black men if he pleased, but they never would;" and, a few days after, they left me."

Narrative of the fatal Bite of a Sea-Snake.

[Extracted from a Calcutta Paper.]

To the Editor,

Sir,

THE accompanying communication, from my friend, Dr. Meek, I request you will publish as soon as convenient. It is of importance, as affording a testimony against the generally received, but erroneous opinion, of the innocence of water snakes, and may serve as a useful caution to those who may have entertained a belief of their being harmless. A dog was some years ago bitten near Goa by a sea-snake, and the bite proved mortal.

Bombay. Your obedient servant, G. KEIR.

" Dear Keir,

" A melancholy proof against the too prevalent but mistaken idea of the harmless nature of the common sea snake, has been clearly evinced in the following fatal occurrence, which took place in this vicinity a few days ago, and which I deem it expedient to communicate to you, with the view that it may be rendered public, should you consider it of sufficient importance. Early in the morning of the 24th ult. a stout young man, about 22 years of age, a *mucqua*, or fisherman, belonging to Poodiangurry, a small village in the neighbourhood, about two miles from the shore, about 9 A. M. upon hauling in his net, found a common snake entangled in it. He seized the snake by the back to disengage it from his net, conceiving it perfectly harmless, when it instantly bit him on the point of the middle finger, of the right hand; he threw the snake into the sea, and thought nothing of the bite. He came on shore about an hour afterwards, when he complained of a slight pain in the affected finger, and which extended along the inside of the right arm. He walked home, about half a mile from the beach, but towards the latter part of the journey, complained of giddiness and a weakness in his loins and lower extremities, and was obliged to be supported by his comrades the rest of the way.

" Soon after he reached home, his friends procured a native doctor of his own cast to administer to him; but even then, neither the person who was bitten, or any of those around him, possessed the most remote idea of danger, or in fact that any serious consequence was likely to result from the bite.

" About 3 P. M. he complained of very great pain in the wounded finger, and all along the right arm; shortly after this, the upper and lower extremities were seized with violent spasms, accompanied with giddiness, nausea, vomiting, and a dimness of sight. Towards night all the symptoms increased, attended with great restlessness and excruciating pain in the right hand and arm. About two o'clock in the following morning, he became *comatose*, and was occasionally seized with convulsions until he died, which was about 24 hours from the time he had been bitten. About 11 A. M. of the 25th, his friends called upon me for assistance, when I immediately accompanied them, but much too late, for the unfortunate man appeared to have been dead some time.

" The native doctor who attended, appeared to have done little else than besmear the body with oil and wood-ashes, and apply the warm blood of a young fowl to the affected finger. On inspection, there appeared upon the point of the middle finger of the right hand, a mark just sufficient to shew that

he

he had been bitten, but no swelling about the finger, hand, or arm, nor were the axillary glands of the right arm at all enlarged. There appeared a much greater degree of rigidity about the body, for so recent a course, than I ever recollected to have seen, but no diseased enlargement of the body. Upon examining the people who were in the boat with the unfortunate sufferer, they all declared having seen the snake, and that it appeared to them to be exactly of the same kind as they are accustomed to see numbers of daily, when employed fishing, but never, until the present, has an instance been known amongst them of any serious consequence following from the bite of these snakes.

"*Twelve P. M. of the 30th.*—Just as I finished the above account, another case was brought on shore from one of the boats to my house. The man had been similarly employed, and was bitten on the back of the fore finger of the right hand, about one hour before he was brought to me; the wound was very distinct, but as yet unattended with material pain. Knowing the fate of his friend a few days before from a similar accident, he laboured under great agitation and alarm. I placed a tight ligature upon the arm, scarified freely the wounded part, and rubbed it smartly for some time with a strong solution of lunar caustic, administering liberally the spirit *ammonia* internally. He suffered very severe pain in the affected hand, from two o'clock until about six, but towards night this pain moderated, and the medicine he had taken threw him into a most profuse perspiration; about ten o'clock that night, as there appeared no symptom indicative of the poison having entered the system, I left off the medicine, and found him next morning quite well, though weak; from which circumstance I feel rather disposed to believe, that in this case the remedy I had recourse to, combined with his own fears, was perhaps more the cause of his suffering than the effect of any deleterious matter deposited in the wound. The snake was described to be of the same kind with the former, but much smaller.

"Your's sincerely,

"*Calicut, 7th July*, 1807. "S. MEEK."

On the feeding and managing of Nightingales.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,

MY experience in the management of the nightingale is of some years standing. The admiration and love I have

always felt for its notes, have led me to make it my companion in many a solitary hour. The melancholy melody of the pensive Philomela has inspired the poet, and the lyre has frequently resounded in her praise. Zoographers, when writing on the feathered race, must have a double pleasure in their description of her, compared with that excited by any other songsters of the grove.

The difficulty of rearing this bird has been, to many, a matter of much regret; but to those who may be willing to try the experiment, the directions here given, if properly attended to, will, I trust, prove successful, and which attention is inconsiderable compared to that bestowed daily on other birds very far inferior.

The nightingale most likely to produce the best song, will be the one taken in the trap in April or beginning of May; the nestling is more difficult to rear, and its notes are apt to be false, unless constantly kept with other nightingales of good song. I have frequently, of a still evening, heard distinctly the notes of a nightingale which had been five years in the cage, at the distance of half a mile; and it is astonishing to observe, how much the notes of those domesticated improve, and, with care, very often become louder, fuller, and more melodious than those that are wild. Their best food is made of raw beef and the yolk of eggs. To half a pound of raw beef well scraped, and the yolk of two eggs, boiled hard, add a small quantity of water; not the least fibre of the beef must be left, and the whole made into a paste. It is well to have it fresh every day; or what will answer, in case any should be left in the bird's pan, three times the quantity of fresh may be mixed with it. When the bird is first caught, it should be put into a small box, about a foot or less square, with a little hay at the bottom, the top covered over with a cloth, a small hole cut in one side large enough to admit a small pan for meat. It must be fed at first with meat and meal-worms, if it refuses food, three or four times a day, and once in the night; and when it returns to its food, which generally happens in two or three days, it may be put into its cage.

The cages for nightingales should be different from the wire ones used in common; the back, sides, and bottom, should be of wood, the top of thin green stuff; the front of a net work, made of a green silk twist; and 'till the bird is tame, it is better that the net-work be covered with a piece of thin green stuff. It is long before they become completely domesticated and tame; nor could I teach one even after eight years confinement to his cage, ever to come on my hand, or entice him out of his cage. A hole should be cut on each side of the cage, one for a pan for meat, the other for a pan of water; the latter large enough to admit of the bird's washing itself, as he does

not

not require water to drink. The door should be at the back, and a drawer to receive dirt at the bottom. The bird must be regularly attended to night and morning. It will often appear as if it were melancholy, and be extremely particular in its food, and will require something additional to entice it to eat. A meal-worm or two may be stuck in its meat, and sometimes sugar may be added; but if it obstinately persists in refusing to eat, it must be fed, but very carefully. I have seen a nightingale fall off in its food, and become quite emaciated, but yet recover, after being fed for six weeks: he was put in a box, &c. covered over with a cloth as before mentioned, and placed in a very warm room. Whenever the bowels are relaxed, a small quantity of prepared chalk (*creta ppt.* of the shops) should be given it. The bird will often get too fat, which will prevent its singing; this may be removed by adding to its meat a small quantity of finely powdered biscuit, (what are commonly called tops and bottoms); sometimes it will require equal parts of biscuit and meat, more or less, according to its appearance, or to the feel of its breast, which is the better criterion; at the same time I should recommend, that the bird have a small room to fly in, placing before the window a net and some evergreen in it for the bird to perch on. According to this method I have frequently heard fifteen to twenty in good song, at the same time, sometimes thirty.

Your's, &c.

Highgate. Y. Z.

ANECDOTE.

From the "Spaniard's Letters from England."

SPEAKING of the plunder and animosity which so long subsisted between the English and Scotch borderers, this entertaining writer says—

"Though their plundering habits are laid aside, they retain much of their old rude manners and barbarous spirit. An instance of this we heard from our companion: A borderer who was at mortal enmity with one of his neighbours, fell sick, and being given over, sent for his enemy, that they might be reconciled. "Ah, (said he, when the man entered the room) I am very bad, very bad indeed; d'ye think I shall die?" "Why, hope not, (replied his visiter) hope not; to be sure you are very bad, but for all that perhaps you may do yet." "No, no, (said the other) I shall die, I know I shall die—and so I have sent for you that I may not go out of the world in enmity with any one. So, d'ye see, we'll be friends. The quarrel between us is all over—all over—and so give me your hand." Accordingly

this token of reconciliation was performed, and the other took his leave; when just as he was closing the door after him, the sick man cried out—"But stop, (said he) if I should not die this time, this is to go for nothing: mind now—its all to be just as it was before, if I do not die."

Remarkable Extract from the Parish Register of East Down, in the County of Sussex.

"IN the death of Agnes and Johan Payne, buried both Feb. uary 1, 1560, is one thing worthy recording diligently to be noted. The elder sister, called Agnes, being very sicke unto the death, speechless, and as was thought past hope of speaking, after she had lyen about twenty-four hours without speech, at last, upon a sudden, cryed out to her sister to make herself ready, and to come with her: her sister Johan, being abroad about other business, was called for; who being come to her sicke sister, demaundinge how she did, she very lowd and earnestly bad her sister make her ready, she staid for her, and could not go without her; within half an hour after, Johan was taken very sicke, which encreasing all the night upon her, her other sister still calling her to come away, in the morning they both departed this wretched world together.

"Testified by divers ould and honest persons yet livinge, which I have myself heard their father, whilst he was alive, report.

"ARTHUR POLLARD, Vicar.
"HEN. HOMEWOOD, } Churchwardens."
"JN. PUPP, }

HIGH TIMBER-STREET.

ABOUT thirty years ago a bass-relief in white marble having been found by Mr. Miller, a builder, among the ruins of a house at Islington, was fixed up in the front of a warehouse in this street, near Labour-in-vain Hill. It represented the ancient Retiarius, armed with a net, to cast over his adversary, and a trident to dispatch him thus entangled; was a sepulchral monument; and had a short inscription in Greek capitals, setting forth that it was put up by Ania Martia to her husband. A drawing from it, purchased by Mr. Gough at Dr. Lort's sale, was engraved in the eleventh volume of the Archæologia.

CAM-

CAMBRIDGE PENSIONS.

THAT public-spirited benefactor to the university of Cambridge, William Worts, esq. besides several other bequests, by his will, gave annual pensions of 100l. per annum each to two young bachelors of arts, who were to be sent abroad soon after they took their degrees, and continue abroad for three years, but upon the condition that they take different roads, and they should also be obliged to write once a month to the vice-chancellor in Latin, in which letters they are to give an account to the university of the religion, learning, laws, politics, customs, manners, and rarities, natural and artificial, in the countries through which they travel; such graduates to be chosen out of different colleges, and two presented each year from two colleges, in the same order as the proctors are.

This is certainly a very good institution, calculated to afford much useful information, and at the same time enable a young man of genius to improve himself.

ELECTION *of* PROCTORS *at* CAMBRIDGE.

IN the year 1534, the election to this important office, at Cambridge, was attended with circumstances which are, happily, unheard of in the recent annals of the university, and those who ought to have been the most active in keeping peace, seem to have been foremost in promoting the disturbance. It is recorded, that on Saint Dennis's eve, there was a great company of lawyers came to Queen's, and divers other houses in the night, about ten o'clock, making the following proclamation:

"How yese, how yese,
Take hede whome ye make youre proctor
For fere of that, that shall cum after,
Yf ye doe standys he wrong,
Loke ye, make ye stronge."

On the next night they came to every house, and also to the vice-chancellor's, knocking at each, and desiring them to come out, calling them knaves, cowards, and heretics, but being driven away, they cried out to fire the gates. The university, that very night, were obliged to call a long *congregatio regentium tantum, in scolis publicis cum gladiis et fustibus;* and the next day the vice-chancellor and masters assembled, and determined, that every president should be ready with certain men against the election of proctors, which preparation, at that time, prevented further commotion.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater, to J. Whitnell's Rebus, inserted the 29th of February.

YOUR parts transpos'd and join'd will make CHARADE,
Which oft is hid in enigmatic shade.

§§§ A similar answer has been received from G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; Alphonso, of Saint Austell; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; J. Woodman, of North Curry; Hester Easter, of Poole; and J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.

Answer, by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton, to R. Perring's Charade, inserted the 29th of February.

SHOULD haughty Bonaparte attempt to land,
On Albion's happy isle, his hostile band,
The RAMPART, and a valiant British host,
Will much impede his progress on our coast.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Trood, J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J Vellenoweth, near Helston; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; G Spry, of Egg Buckland; J. Whitnell, Street; Hester Easter, of Poole; Alphonso, of St. Austell; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; and J. Colley, of St. German's.

Answer, by G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton, to J. R.'s Rebus, inserted the 7th of March.

YOUNG is the poet your initials name,
Whose noble works have gain'd eternal fame.

*** Similar answers have been received from S. D of South Petherton; Alphonso, of St. Austell; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; and J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater.

A CHARADE, *by J. Osborn, of Exeter.*

WHEN stock is low, and money scant,
My first doth oft supply my want;
A preposition forms the rear:
When these are join'd they make appear
A market town in Devonshire.

A CHARADE, *by S. P. of South Petherton.*

MY lovely first, with renovating hand,
Her blooming empire o'er the world displays;
Plenty she scatters thro' the smiling land,
And with new raptures wake the genial days.

Her new-born gifts demand thy tuneful voice,
The vernal meads thy devious steps invite;
In heaven-taught lays the soaring larks rejoice,
And Philomela's thrillings chear the night.

Ne'er may my next, sweet choir! your songs molest,
By instantaneous death, or wound severe:
In sprightlier notes enjoy my pleasing first,
And may we all evade my whole—a snare.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO THE SNOW DROP.

SLOWLY rising from thy bed,
Where thy late forefathers grew,
Ere the wintry storms are fled,
Lovely flow'r! thy form I view.

Beauteous harbinger of spring!
First of Flora's smiling train,
Little, peerless, blooming thing,
Welcome to thy native plain!

Should the village maidens gay
Chance to view thy snow-white form,
Thou wilt soon be snatch'd away,
Their lovely bosoms to adorn.

Alas! that thought recalls to mind
How many, in life's early bloom,
Are doom'd to leave the world behind,
And sink into the dreary tomb.

Tiverton, March 1, 1808. R. LOOSEMORE.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines occasioned by seeing a Fly burnt to Death in the Flame of a Candle.

POOR little insect! what could charm thee
Thus to meet thy certain doom?
Oh say! did no presage alarm thee
To avoid thy fiery tomb?

The dazzling lustre of the flame
Attracted thy mistaken eye;
Thou dartedst thither to the same,
But, sad illusion! 'twas to die.

Thus giddy youth attend on pleasure,
And neglect, at folly's shrine,
Their great, their everlasting treasure,
And the source of joys divine!

Pursue the worldling's idle dream,
And in the course of fashion run;
Float down of life the rapid stream,
And find at last themselves undone!

Exeter, March, 1808. HENRY ELLIS.

On the DELUDING IMAGES *of* HOPE.

E'EN hope is vain, and all her visions fly
Swift as the light wing'd hours of infancy:

For

For oft at eve to fancy's view she brings
Her deep sequester'd groves, and living springs;
Her sunshine gardens, and her greenest groves,
And each soft scene which contemplation loves;
Where Siloa's sacred brook serenely flows,
'Mong all the charms which paradise bestows;
But ah! too soon comes penury and care,
The sad associates of the fiend despair,
To snatch from hope each sweet endearing view,
And pour the tempest where the zephyr blew,
Where flow'rets blossom'd, and the sunbeam smil'd,
They spread a wint'ry prospect waste and wild.

Address to my Babe, written during a Frost at Midnight.

DEAR babe! that sleepest cradl'd by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this dead calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies,
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe, so beautiful! it fills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was rear'd
In the great city, pent mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags; so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible,
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters—who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great Universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.
Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the red-breast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow, on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while all the thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall,
Heard only in the trances of the blest,
Or whether the secret ministry of cold
Shall hang them up in silent icicles
Quietly shining to the quiet moon;
Like those, my babe! which ere to-morrow's warmth
Have capp'd their sharp keen points with pendulous drops,
Will catch thine eye, and with the novelty
Suspend thy little soul; then make thee shout,
And stretch and flutter from thy mother's arms,
As thou would'st fly for very eagerness.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Extempore Lines to a beautiful Lady, whose Eye was blood-shotten.

THEN let it be said
Thine eye is all red;
And no longer, dear Lucy, be moody;
Since so many die
By the stroke of that eye,
No wonder the weapon is bloody!